

Big Mike

"Confidential Playa"

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(Ronnie Spencer vocalizes through whole song)

[Chorus: Z-Ro]

I'm still a player, a confidential player
I'm just trying to do something right, so let me live my
life
Even though I'm still hustling, I know you want to see
me struggling
But at least I'm trying to do something right so let me
live my life

[Tyte Eyez]

Lord knows I had my share of doing the wrong things
But a bonified player that finds the life in me
Casualties make us cry but still we got to mash
Keep my eyes up on the sparrow and mind, up on my
cash
Penetrate, finish last maintain a steady pace
Keep the busters out your business and haters up out
your face
In this last rat race, the lord some's got to come
Shrivel my signature I call it rapping refunds
The ones that criticize be the ones you call your friends
The ones that ride it out ain't gone always be your kin
But then, you got to know, if it's yours you gone get it
But also you got to know that everyday, ain't terrific
Precision about your plans, keep it real with your fans
Watching my baby boy grow to be a young man
My daughter got to know, from the jump you a queen
And fuck what them niggas say you tell them your
daddy is a king

[Chorus]

[Big Moe]

Everytime I look around
These haters they be talking down
Big Moe that done bring more light
I even had a, had a harder time
But I'm still here still going strong
You can't believe what you hear in the song

About the year two triple o three
Whole wide world sipping drank with me
I got money but I'm still a little stressed
I thank the lord cause you know I'm the best
A little love set with the press
Why you want less cause through this
I guess it's best for me, to stay calm
And hold it down till the day that I'm gone
I got a white cup in my palm
Feel what a peach crush Mo-Yo's just a
Player, player, player, player

[Z-Ro]

Money, the rule to all evil that's what I need
Between the hours of 3 to 7, that's when I bleed
Motherfuckers gone making the block hot, so I stay and
move around
Tyte Eyez and Z-Ro stacking paper, it's going down
Break the shop of a nigga that's short stopping my
change
But me and him to the fullest ducking bullets at close
range
Feeling crazy, like I'm a lose my life to a bitch nigga
But while I'm here I be a rich nigga
Nephews and nieces, niece cool clothes and chains
and pieces
I break bread with my family when my record releases
Besides skills in the west, nigga got mouths to feed
Anything against the grain just light a finger spot over
seas
Saturday morning as a youngster I ain't have no bike
And I ain't have no Nikes, but in the triple I'ma have
more ice
Around my neck and my wrist with fern doors
Z-Ro, confidentially yours a player

[Chorus]

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